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mind. It was good when it was intelligible, and addressed itself to popular sympathy. By continual study of it and of the past we might go back so far as to understand and appreciate its former value; but we cannot withdraw so much strength from seeking a better future. Art must be prophecy, not history. We do not believe, neither does Mr. Ruskin feel in his happy hours, that no picture ever made any man better. The picture that makes us greatly better will show what we may ourselves, in the body, become and do. The supreme beauty is hidden under our longing and striving. He who can see and show it will remind no man of Dürer, or Titian, or Angelo. He will conquer academies and conventions as poor Haydon could not do, by substituting a real for a feigned, an involuntary for an artificial delight. Good poetry and good painting will make their own way, will reach all open hearts without need of comment, explanation, allowance, and defence. Half Art needs an expositor to open its meaning not well revealed. So ancient Art is a sealed book to all but the learned; that of the Greeks because we do not know the nude figure; that of the Italians because we do not worship the Virgin and the saints. But if any painter shall appear who can take up the ideality of our own age, and show that new society for which we are longing and laboring, there will need no treatise to call to his work the intelligent attention of mankind.

BROWNLEE BROWN.

SWINGING IN THE BARN.

SWING away,  
From the great cross-beam,—  
Through the scented clover-hay,  
Sweet as any dream!

Higher yet!  
Up, between the eaves,  
Where the grey doves cooing fit  
Twixt the sun-gilt leaves.

Here we go!  
Whistle, merry wind!  
'Tis a long day you must blow  
Lighter hearts to find.

Swing away!  
Sweep the rough barn floor!  
While we gaze on Arcady  
Framed in by the door.

One, two, three!  
Quick, the round red sun,  
Hid behind you twisted tree,  
Means to end the fun.

Swing away!  
Over husks and grain!  
Shall we ever be as gay  
If we swing again?

LUOT LAROOM.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.\*

If the author of this book has failed to give us a history of civilization, it is due to his mental deficiencies, and not to those of his acquirements. Men of patience, of opportunities, and of literary curiosity, can write books of erudition, whose marginal references may astonish the ignorant, and attract a certain class of wondering readers, but if they are without an inborn organic constructive power, their labors degenerate into the broken up and purposeless materials of history, and are void of the first requisites of a work of Art. A man's possessions, of whatever kind they may be, are valuable to the world only in proportion to his capacity to make the right use of them. This age is as remarkable for its feverish ambition to accumulate as it is sadly deficient in its constructive power; there seems to be little or no space between a mad desire to possess and an equally mad desire to squander. Mr. Buckle himself is a literary exemplification of this great epidemic of the times, and has but little modesty in making an ostentatious display of his wealth. If he, however, were to separate scrupulously that which really belongs to himself from that which justly belongs to others, he would become much poorer, and others much richer. Few men that become rich through others' treasures are very wise or generous in the use of them.

Mr. Buckle has given us kaleidoscopic views of certain great facts in the history of the world's civilization, but no history of civilization itself, for the simple reason that his mental organization is utterly inferior to such a sublime undertaking. Throughout the eight hundred and fifty-four pages of his introductory volume he has been unable to form even a skeleton conception of what the history of civilization is or ought to be. The moment he attempts the discussion of principles apart from their concrete counterparts in the common-place facts of the world, he is not only confused and muddy, but even egregiously wrong and childishly foolish. Had his mental forces allowed him to think for five years out of the thirty he may have read, his work would either have assumed a shape to suit his subject, or would never have been undertaken. We have read the whole of his volume without having had a ray of new light cast upon the past, the present, or the future: he has, on the contrary, entangled many of the important constituents of civilization with the dark confusion of his own mind. He is not only incapable of mastering his subject, but is mastered by it to such an extent as to have his whole mental machinery broken up and thrown into chaos.

No architect would attempt to erect a building with one brick; but the logical blunder of writing the history of civilization *nationally* is not too great for Mr. Buckle. In this blunder he has not the credit of originality. Dr. Tiedemann has preceded him in this line, and varies from

\* "History of Civilization in England." By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol i, pp. 854. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.

him only in substituting Germany for England. Hear him :

"Two great powers are in conflict; that which seeks to preserve all existing things, and that which would change them for some supposed better condition. The Germans *alone* of all mankind are capable of bringing this conflict to a good issue. Italians, French, and English have proved themselves incapable of that thorough regeneration of the heart which is indispensable for realizing the destiny of man. It is to Germany that the world must look for those who by individual character, and by the favor of circumstances will purify it. The free German of antiquity destroyed the despotism of Rome; the German league of the Rhine and the Hanse Towns, created the powerful marine of the middle ages, and then established civilization and freedom in all parts of the north and west of Europe: German genius produced the printing-press; and the German Luther, with his train of intellectual followers, destroying Roman domination a second time, show our influence."

This extract from Dr. Tiedemann—in connection with Mr. Buckle's work—shows how the mere accident of birth, with most men, controls the functions of their thinking faculties, and renders them utterly unfit to interpret the great facts of man's history. Specialities and some brilliant isolated particulars cloud their mental horizons, and strangle every attempt at universality of conception or elucidation. Herder, whose historic genius enabled him to penetrate deeper into the truths of history than the two preceding authors, holds out the following warning to the mentally-crippled writers of history :

"The historian of mankind must take care that he chooses no tribe exclusively as his favorite, nor exalts it at the expense of others, whose situation and circumstances denied them fame and fortune. The Germans have derived information even from the Slavians; the Cimbri and Lettonians might probably have become Greeks had they been differently seated with respect to surrounding nations. We may rejoice that people of such a strong, handsome, and noble form, of such chaste manners, so much generosity and probity, as the Germans, possessed the Roman world, instead, perhaps, of Huns or Bulgarians; but on this account to esteem them God's chosen people in Europe, to whom the world belongs in right of their innate nobility, and to whom other nations are destined to be subservient in consequence of this preëminence, would be to display the base pride of a barbarian. The barbarian domineers over those whom he has vanquished; the enlightened conqueror civilizes those whom he subdues."

If we would discriminate clearly between an author's *reading* knowledge and his *thinking* knowledge, we might see to the bottom of Mr. Buckle's failure to write the history of civilization. He seems to have a reading, but not a thinking knowledge of every branch of literature and science. His familiarity, however, is not always with the best or most recent authorities, particularly in the different departments of the sciences; nor has he caught the true spirit of the best of those authorities which he has consulted. His inability physiologically to catch the unity of composition in the individual organism of man, and his

correlatives of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, has paralyzed his capacity to write the history of civilization as a scientific abstract whole evolved out of a multitudinous body of concrete particulars variously scattered through space and time. He overlooked, or is unable to see the inflexible parallelism between every individual growth and that of the body whereof it forms a component part. Hence his historical blundering in considering the tripartite growth of man and humanity. In the one as in the other he perceives intellectual, but not moral or physical growth, as if the three were not, so far forth as humanity is concerned, inseparable parts of an organized whole, and mutually interdependent. No intellectual effort of our race was ever permanently effective, if not filtered through the moral part of our nature; nor have we ever witnessed any powerful development of mind or heart detached from a corresponding physical development. Look at any individual or at any race either advancing or declining, and you will easily perceive a mutual sympathy between the elevation or depression of their physical, intellectual, and moral condition. What is the test of any man's real spiritual condition, if it be not his disciplined power to subordinate his animality to his spirituality, to depress his bad and raise up the good dispositions of his nature. All positive religions have made this the groundwork of their teachings to such an extent as to have overlooked the special cultivation of the intellect as a direct dogma, and have confined their stern duties to the suppression of our animal appetites, and the elevation of our spiritual tendencies by every instrumentality available in our moral regeneration.

In considering historically the general results of the individual or collective mind of our race, it is all important not to lose sight of the nature, scope, and limitations of the instrument itself, both as it is determined by outward influences acting upon it past and present, and as it is controlled or affected by the inherent forces in its own composition. We all know that minds are alike fundamentally, but vary all but to infinitude in the degrees of the cultivation of which they are susceptible. Of course we exclude all pathological conditions of the mind in this connection. All considerations, then, on the history of civilization are considerations, or ought to be, not of kind, but of degree, as all civilizations, no matter how they may be baptized, nationally or ethnologically, have had to pass through invariably the same stage congenitally, whatever may be the degrees of their variations. What, therefore, can Mr. Buckle make of the civilization of England apart from the civilization of the world, if not a chaotic mass of learned confusion. Is not the civilization of England the net result of the whole past, as well as the civilization of France. Is not the present growing civilization of England rooted in the past cultivation of the world, as well as modified and affected by the whole contemporary influences of our planet without reference to its national or race subdivisions. Let Mr. Buckle consider his own cultivation, and tell us under-

standingly to what extent it is specially or generally English, and to what extent it is the result of the whole past cultivation of the world. Can Mr. Buckle say that his English railroads, steamboats, politics, and commerce have had more influence on the English mind than the reading of the Hebrew Scriptures, written thousands of years ago by an Oriental race, whose worldly material dominion has scarcely had a local habitation and a name. Are there no traces of Greek culture and Roman legislation in the civilization of England? Is Mr. Buckle, is there any Englishman of the present day, not deeply indebted to continental Europe? is not the present civilization itself of England deeply indebted to it? Is she not even indebted to Germany for her Protestantism, of which she talks so boastingly, and to which she so childishly attributes her material prosperity and mental freedom.

Let Mr. Buckle, if he would be the historian of civilization, drop his puerile patriotic exaggerations, let him consign such chaff to selfish, superannuated politicians, whose mission it is to diminish truth by multiplying error. National glorification is an abstract, personal egotism, extended to numbers, and has no real bearing upon the continuous course of human civilization, which can never be circumscribed or explained by the artificial distinction of nationality. Mr. Buckle has more aptitude for the *chronology*, than the history of civilization, as his ponderous display of learning but too plainly proves. If he undertook to write the natural history of an individual, as evidenced by the twofold force of outward influences and internal growth, his mental deficiencies would become more grossly palpable than in the work before us. In fact his weaknesses are, in a great measure, covered over by the extent and multiplicity of the matters treated of by him, and his pages often borrow a winning light from the intrinsic beauty of his subjects themselves. But his pages are no index to the real growth and course of civilization, no inlet to the long continued windings of man's slow progress and development on this earth. The Oriental, Greek, and Roman worlds are as mystic in Mr. Buckle's pages as in any third-rate manual of history. Their variations from each other are not explained, neither has he shown wherein their respective cultures merged historically together, so as to beget and usher into life what may be called the Modern period. All this would have required historical method, continuity of thought and originality of mind, which Mr. Buckle does not possess. While scarcely doubting his own success in this matter, he has sharp glimpses into the difficulties of writing on the subject of history, and a pretty clear notion of the qualifications necessary to do so successfully, as may be seen from the following extract speaking of his own work.

"Of this, at least, I feel certain, that whatever imperfections may be observed, the fault consists, not in the method proposed, but in the extreme difficulty of any single man putting into full operation all the parts of so vast a scheme. It is on this point, and on this alone, that I feel the need of great indul-

gence. But, as to the plan itself, I have no misgivings; because I am deeply convinced that the time is fast approaching when the history of man will be placed on its proper footing; when its study will be recognized as the noblest and most arduous of all pursuits; and when it will be clearly seen that, to cultivate it with success, there is wanting a wide and comprehensive mind, richly furnished with the highest branches of human knowledge. When this is fully admitted, history will be written only by those whose habits fit them for the task; and it will be rescued from the hands of biographers, genealogists, collectors of anecdotes, chroniclers of courts, of princesses, and nobles—those babblers of vain things; who lie in wait at every corner, and infest thin the public highway of our national literature. That such compilers should trespass on a province so far above their own, and should think that by these means they can throw light on the affairs of men, is one of the many proofs of the still backward condition of our knowledge, and of the indistinctness with which its boundaries have been mapped out. If I have done anything towards bringing these intrusions into discredit, and inspiring historians themselves with a sense of the dignity of their own calling, I shall have rendered in my time some little service, and I shall be well content to have it said, that in many cases I have failed in executing what I originally proposed. Indeed, that there are in this volume several instances of such failure, I willingly allow; and I can only plead the immensity of the subject, the shortness of a single life, and the imperfection of every single enterprise. I, therefore, wish this work to be estimated, not according to the finish of its separate parts, but according to the way in which those parts have been fused into a complete and symmetrical whole. This, in an undertaking of such novelty and magnitude, I have a right to expect. And I would, moreover, add, that if the reader has met with opinions adverse to his own, he should remember that his views are, perchance, the same as those which I, too, once held, and which I have abandoned, because after a wide range of study, I found them unsupported by solid proof, subversive of the interests of Man, and fatal to the progress of his knowledge."

#### AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The transient glow of autumn cheers  
No more each swiftly short'ning day,  
But sad November drops her tears  
O'er one wide realm of dull decay.

Along the landscape's western bound,  
Lo! where yon monarch-mountains rise—  
By summer's eve with sunbeams crowned,  
And robed in purple of the skies—

Now, brown and bare, each rugged peak,  
Stript by the keen, rebellious blast,  
Shows not one hue, undimmed, to speak  
Of all those regal splendors past.

The wailing wind, the rustling leaf,  
Are tokens in the vale below,—  
I hear the voice of Nature's grief  
E'en in the river's placid flow.

"Not long" (methinks it seems to say),  
"I pass, unfettered, in my pride,—  
Not long, my floating tribute pay  
To yonder distant ocean-tide;

"For when the wintry skies let fall  
Their mantle on the mountain's crest,  
Full soon, they'll spread a glittering pall  
Above my still and icy breast."

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GEORGE L. FREEMAN.